



THE
Johnson Journal



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teams, and pictures, pictures of our
classes, teams and play casts, as many
as we have money for.



EDITOR'S PAGE



LOYALTY

We have entered upon another season of football and hope to maintain, if possible, a high standing on the grid. We cannot do this without the aid of the weekly on-lookers. Many remarks are made concerning the plays made by our players. Could the ones who pass these opinions do as well, or half as well? Our boys give their best and who can give more? They spend from three to four hours a day tackling, passing, punting, rushing, and following signals so that they may uphold the name of Johnson High School when a game is played. It is not easy to forgo movies and good times to trot over to our home field every day to buckle down to the grind. Cuts, bruises, and broken bones are the rewards for their hard work. Then the game comes around and the people on the grounds are a two-faced mob. When one of our heroes has the precious pigskin under his arm and is tearing down the field toward those goal posts that look so far away, yells and cheers deafen him. He passes the line and sinks upon the sod raising one triumphant hand. Such a hand as he gets from the spectators! There are two sides to every story and here is the other one. The same hero catches the pass, turns, and while trying to find a break in the line is brought down to earth so suddenly that he drops the ball which is immediately pounced upon by the opponent. Although our hero has practised time and again for this crucial moment he fumbles. This is

followed by boos and jeers. Men, women, and I am sorry to say, students, leave the grounds. How is the team expected to win with such lack of support?

This year we have new boys on our eleven which means harder work on their part and also ours. Let everyone try to help them by cheering for them whether they are losing or winning. Let everyone put his best foot forward and BOOST, and BOOST, and BOOST so that the 1931 team will be bigger and better than ever.

Dot Wedge, '33

THINKING

There are two general kinds of thinking: "day-dreaming", and good solid concentration. In German, there are two separate words for these two classes, but in our own language the word *think* is quite a broad term.

We sit staring out into space. A friend comes up and taps our shoulder.

"What were you thinking about?" he asks.

"Nothing," we say, which is, in all probability, quite true. We were day-dreaming, using only a very slight part of our real thinking power.

True thinking, concentration, is a very different thing. We can day-dream for hours, but no one can concentrate longer than five or ten minutes without rest. The power of concentration comes only through usage and practice. We all know

what it is, yet it seems as if some of us can concentrate not more than a few seconds at a time. We need practice.

Day-dreaming is a very excellent form of mental relaxation, but we can hardly expect to succeed in

whatever we set out to do, if we do not *think*. In high school we can learn how to think, but no teacher can teach us how, for it is something we must acquire ourselves. In other words, if we want to learn how to concentrate, let's *think*.



LITERARY



THE RESULT OF STRATEGY

A huge porcupine sallied forth from its home in the spruce forest in quest of food. The porcupine was the undisputed king of animaldom. Protected by its sharp pointed quills, and with its dauntless courage, it was a difficult animal to conquer. Even a bear will not attack one of these quill-pigs.

Following a long search through the woods the porcupine arrived at a small brook whose bank was covered with luscious berries. Eagerly he hurried forward anticipating the feast which was to come. Suddenly the horny-tail stopped and gazed ahead.

A sleek fisher-weasel had taken possession of the bank and was now ready to fight for it if necessary. For a brief moment the two animals glared at each other angrily, and then the fisher-weasel advanced slowly toward its opponent, snarling, and gnashing its teeth in wrath. The porcupine drew back toward a fallen log, prudently facing its foe. On nearing the log the quill-bearer lodged itself halfway under it. In this seemingly awkward position a porcupine can fight best. As the weasel slumped forward, its hideous face distorted in rage, the quill-pig held its tail

ready, bristling with quills. Nearer and nearer advanced the weasel warily keeping out of range of the quills. Suddenly it dived forward, and rushed in, furiously lashing its fangs.

The porcupine, crouched half under the log, its hindquarters exposed but bristling with spines, lashed its tail, furiously discharging an array of quills into the body of the weasel. The latter was a plucky fighter but he realized that he was no match for the porcupine at close quarters. With a grunt of pain as a quill lodged deeply in his nostrils, the little animal jumped back to safety. However he had no intent of fleeing but longed for revenge on the quill-pig.

For over a minute the opponents glared intently at each other. The porcupine was still fresh and confident, so the weasel now decided to try a little strategy. He knew that the only part of a porcupine's body that was without quills was the belly. He resolved to put this knowledge into practical use.

Waiting for a favorable moment he dived forward on the opposite side of the log from the porcupine. The latter lashed its tail in fury, hurling the pointed quills into the log. Huddled closely on the other side, the weasel escaped injury. With a satisfied smirk he began to dig

under the log. The thick-headed quill-pig, not seeing its rival for a few minutes, came to the hasty conclusion that he had fled.

Meanwhile the fisher-weasel had industriously burrowed under the log and, with a savage, exultant cry, attacked the soft white belly of the porcupine. A few moments later the horny-animal, once the king of an animaldom drew its last breath and with a final gasp died.

From that time on the fisher-weasel ruled the kingdom of animals.

Henry Kennedy, '34

GREAT MEN

We are apt to regard great men as superhuman, as miraculously endowed, as forever unapproachable in their accomplishments. Were such interpretations true, we common, average mortals could be well justified in viewing with despair any thought of ever being of the same or any value to humanity.

If we delve into the lives of the great, we see that they too were subject to the same temptations, that they too had to sweat to get results. It was because Benjamin Franklin made sacrifices and toiled incessantly that he came to occupy the position of prestige he holds in our hearts. Edison said that genius was ninety percent perspiration and ten percent inspiration. When we review the strenuous career of Theodore Roosevelt we are staggered. Yet until this statesman, author, and adventurer, had *made* for himself a sound and robust body, he had been a weakling.

We need to look at great men in another light. Far be it from us to detract from their memories. We should not forget our debt to them and we should revere them. Cer-

tainly immortality is a fitting reward the world should offer them. We should look upon great men as a never failing source of inspiration. But let us remember, as Longfellow expressed it well:

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sand of time."

We should glean strength and hope and faith. We can't all reach the summit of the mountain but we can climb higher than we are.

Frank Ringalo, '32

HAVE YOU TIME?

Twenty-four hours make up a day,
Time for work and time for play,
If you're lucky, bed by ten,
If you're not, much later then.
Open drowsy, tired eyes
To your mother's frantic cries.
Time to wash and dress and comb,
A hasty bite, a sprint from home.
Hurrying, perhaps you run.
Ten past eight, the day's begun.
Right on clock-work ring the bells.
Quarter past, the half-hour spells
The period. No time to waste.
(Ham sandwiches I'll taste
Until the crack of doom,
Purchased in the old lunch-room!)
Clap of desks, the smell of chalk,
And the low incessant talk.
But cut short, and ring to classes,
Ring again, the period passes,
And the day's gone, truth to tell,
With the ringing of a bell.
Time for study, time for eating,
Time for any work completing,
Till the darkness falls again,
And you go to bed by ten.

Dorcas Curley, '32

THE LOADING OF THE HAY

It was Monday; the summer sun,
high above, was casting its relentless

rays of heat upon the meadow, scorching and drying the new-mown hay, from which a wavy hot vapor was arising. Riding on the rear of a long, low wagon, pulled by a noisy tractor, I was starting the afternoon's work of loading hay, which lay stretched out across the broad meadow in long tapering windrows. Near the brook a group of men were already at work, shaking out some wet alfalfa. Across the field of dry brown stubble several black and white cows were lying contentedly in the shade of a gnarled apple tree, and overhead a solitary crow flapped his way toward a patch of green corn on the hillside; everywhere the peace and solitude of a summer afternoon was present, and all lay tranquil under an azure sky.

At last the wagon bumped over a crude stone bridge, and the task of loading was at hand. The loader having been put in gear, we started with a jerk, and the dry crackling hay came up the frail machine like a huge dusty snake, falling in coils at my feet. Each moment I sank deeper and deeper. Soon it was necessary to pass great bunches up forward to my fellow worker. Beads of sweat were rolling from my forehead; sharp seeds and dry brown dust clung to my sweaty arms but the hay rolled on and on. Hurriedly I made the corners square and bound the shifting mass tight with my feet. Almost mechanically I thrust the sharp fork downward and into the oncoming hay, never stopping for a rest, always tramping down and shaping the growing load. Around and around the fields we went; the shining teeth of the tractor wheels shone through the dust like mirrors, and the machine plunged and reared where the soft black turf was wet.

Soon the load was large enough

and heavy enough, and the speed was slackened when the wheels cut sharp deep lines in the golden stubble. After we had rounded it off, we lay down, exhausted, in the sweet-smelling grass while the machine headed for a small red barn in the distance. At the brook I slid to the ground and bathed my aching arms and blistered hands in the sparkling liquid, while an empty wagon came from the red barn down toward me. My rest was short; my labor was soon to begin again.

George W. Busby, Jr., '32

HALLOWE'EN

On ghostly Hallowe'en night,
The witches, one and all,
Go riding through the heavens,
On broom-stick chargers tall.
The bats all seem to flutter
Around a green cheese moon;
The lonely winds, in pine-trees,
Funereal ballads croon.
On every fence and gate-post,
Fat pumpkin Jacks hold sway,
Their leering faces staring
In their own peculiar way,
Each solemn, marble grave-stone
Is mounted with a ghost.
The moon above is grinning
Down on the spectral host.
At twelve the spell is broken;
Good-bye to Hallowe'en,
And all these things, which never,
Till next year, will be seen.

Ellen Riley, '34

FROM THE GERMAN CLASS

A rich farmer's son, who was studying at the University, came home to visit his parents. One evening, two chickens were served for dinner, and, as they were sitting at the table the student said, "I can

prove by logic and arithmetic, that these two birds are three."

"Well, let's hear," said the father.

"This," said the learned man, "is one, and this is two, and, as you know, two and one make three."

"Since you have done that so well," said the father, "mother shall have one chicken, I'll take the second, and you may keep the third for your great learning."

Translated by Avis Harris

SHIPS

Watching the ships in from the
sea,
Is quite fascinating to me.
Each with cargoes from a distant
land,
Spices from India, silks from Japan.
Entering the harbor at the break of
day,
Come storm-tossed vessels from far
away.

Sailors hastily running to and fro,
Joyously singing of their coming
home.
The role of friend, adviser, too,
Anxiously to see acquaintances old
and new.

Everything is as happy and gay as
can be,
When sailing ships come in from the
sea.

Claire Lebel, '34

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN GIRL

Turning from my study of phy-
tology and of the metamorphosis of
the phyloxera, I will attempt to pre-
sent clearly, facts concerning the
American girl. You may be sure I
am well versed on the subject as I
have studied the meteorological in-
fluence of the moon for two years.

She is 137 16-17 lbs. and 14 pen-

ny weights in weight. Her height
is 5 1-2 ft. and 10 millimeters.

Upon rising in the morning she
washes her face (never behind the
ears) and walks before a mirror. In
front of the mirror are compacts
and bottle containing Mme. Szren-
klwickly's Petit Perfume. She emp-
ties a bottle of it in a watering
can and after lifting the can above
her head, she tilts it to a 180 de-
gree angle.

By the law established by Sir
Isaac Newton called gravitation, the
Aqueores solution leaves the can and
sprinkles her. Next she proceeds to
coat her physiognomy a 3-4 inch
layer of Bimbo's Infant Powder.
Her hair, which is usually 80 per-
cent H_2O_2 (hydrogen peroxide),
takes an hour to arrange. Her men-
tal ability is equal to that of a 12-
year-old boy. She reads only the
Love Story and True Story maga-
zines. When delighted she squeals
and when she picks up a worm or
sees a snake she squeals. In fact
she averages 4 1-4 squeals a day.
She consumes annually 4 1-2 miles
of chewing gum. She can out-talk
any member of the stronger sex,
due to the strong mouth muscles de-
veloped by chewing gum. Any fur-
ther facts on this vital issue would
be appreciated if sent to The De-
mented Society of Zymbolists, Dan-
vers, Massachusetts.

Any male may become a member
of this anti-feminine society. The
club dues are \$4000 a week and the
membership is strictly restricted to
49,134 3-4 persons.

Peter Sluskonis, '33

THE "NELLIE M."

This is the story Bill Travers told
in the watch house at Gloucester to
a group of excited listeners on one
of those stormy days when the fog

horn blows persistently and the waves break with a swish and a boom.

"It was a great day in the little Maine village of Buckville. The flags were flying and everything was gay and festive, for the finest ship the town had ever built was to be launched. The wharves were gay with bunting and many colored pennants were flying from the masts of the fishing smacks lying at anchor.

"The schooner lay at anchor. Her sails, which after a trip to the Banks would be torn and dirty, were now clean and perfect. Her sides were shiny green and her masts, made of stout pine, were glossy black. The name 'Nellie M., Buckville, Maine', was printed on the sides in bold white letters and the figure-head, a woman's head and shoulders, was resplendent with a wreath hanging, for the most part, over one ear.

"There were many speeches and everyone was getting excited. Then came the christening.

"No one knew exactly how it happened but, either by accident or design, the owner, immediately after the christening, fell over into the water and was never seen again. The mob was thunderstruck. Men dove for the body but it was never recovered.

* * * *

"Months went by and the ship lay like a dog guarding its master's grave. Not a soul went on board her. The sails, once so white and fleecy, grew dirty and ragged but no one went near her. The wreath, once so fresh and gay, had long since withered and decayed.

"Then one day, a Friday, four months after the christening, a man came to Buckville. He saw the four-master, was impressed by her graceful lines and asked the price. The

owner's relatives were disposing of the property and so the ship sold for a very low sum. But when he came to have the ship repaired no one would consent to take the job. They all declined on one plea or another until an old shipbuilder told him the reason.

" 'Cap'n Thompson,' the old man said, 'I suppose you know why none of us shipmen'll help you. Well, it's, cause the 'Nellie M.' has a bad name 'mong us. Ye can't know much about ships and sailors or ye'd understand. The master of the 'Nellie M.' dies the day of the christening and he dies kind of funny like. Besides, ye bought her on a Friday which is enough to give a vessel a bad name. That's all, Cap'n. Good-day.'

"Mr. Thompson at last understood. He took his ship to be re-christened but here also difficulties arose. No one wished to completely change the name of the ship. He finally got the name changed to the 'Allie M.' He managed to get her to his home port of Bronston where because of his old name and of the good service his ancestors had rendered the town he got a permanent crew.

* * * *

"Several years later, Mr. Thompson was still in business, but under what different circumstances! His company once prosperous was nearly bankrupt. They had lost money rapidly until they were now so deep in debt that nothing short of a miracle could save them. There was only \$100 to their credit in the bank that had before had over \$10,000 (a fortune in that locality) to the account of Thompson and Company. People said that it was no wonder. What could a company expect when

they bought such an ill-fated ship as the 'Allie M.'?

"It was Friday, the 13th of October. Just five years before, Mr. Thompson had bought the 'Nellie M.'. He now sat in his office and watched the clock. If at noon the 'Allie M.' had not returned, he would be a ruined man. The ship had been two days overdue. At one minute of twelve the clock whirred previous to striking and at almost the same second the crowd on the pier set up a shout. The 'Allie M.' was rounding the point. The ill-fated ship was ill-fated no longer. The vessel that many old shipbuilders had shaken their heads over, the 'Nellie M.' alias the 'Allie M.' of Buckville, Maine, had conquered ill omens and made good at last!"

Joan Russell, '32

THE FUNERAL OF THE LADY BUG

'Tis mourning day 'mong Insect folk,
For Lady Bug is dead,
She's suffered since two months ago,
And died last night in bed.

She leaves behind, her children three,
Who sadly miss their Ma,
The role of friend, adviser, too,
Now falls upon their Pa.

The funeral is at two o'clock,
A sad affair it is,
The mourners, all are dressed in
black,
The kin of hers and his.

Sam Cricket's there, and Susie Ant,
And Johnnie Cockroach too,
The way they cry and carry on,
Would break the heart of you.

Isabelle Fenton, '34

BIOLOGIC DOINGS

The latest source of interest in

dear old Johnson High is the aquarium owned and operated by our budding Sophomore biologists. Though stationed in far away Room Fourteen, it is visited regularly by interested members of every class, from the stately P. G's to our ever-inquisitive Freshmen.

At present, there is quite a large family inhabiting the glass apartment, but there is bound to be a decrease in population soon, unless the students lose interest, as it is an enormous strain on the animals to have to play to the public eye continuously.

In the center of the watery habitation is a picturesque stone castle, lorded over by a dapper young turtle, Sir Aloysius. The captain of the craw-fish guard is Oscar, a youthful salamander. He commands a troop of most ambitious guardsmen. These four craw-fish are ferocious beings, who have a batch of legs like those of a centipede, two long feelers protruding like wireless antennae, and hind parts which might easily be mistaken for those of a miniature lobster.

The lady of the manor is a beautiful fantail, who keeps a tight rein on his lordship that he may not get too frisky with her three ladies-in-waiting.

There are five young princes and princesses, who are of an ugly slate color, which, it is hoped by the fond Sophomores, will soon turn to a lusty gold hue. They are ambitious youngsters, and have an exceedingly gay time flitting among the excess vegetation, and prancing around on the rocks and shells surrounding the castle, teasing the hermit crab, and the bachelor snail.

Isabelle Fenton, '34

Ellen Riley, '34



ATHLETICS



On September 19, 1931, the Johnson High football squad journeyed to Newburyport to open its grid season. The Joppers proved too strong for our boys, and outclassed them in every department. The Johnson eleven was greatly outweighed by the Newburyport boys.

Saturday, September 26, a vastly improved Johnson team held Gloucester, a school four times our size, to a 6-0 score. The game was hard fought throughout, the only score being made in the first period. Barnes starred in the backfield, with the line playing well.

The Johnson football squad, on October 10, attended the Harvard-University of New Hampshire football game, at Harvard Stadium. Coach Hayes obtained about forty tickets, through the kindness of Bill Bingham, Harvard's athletic director. The boys enjoyed the game immensely. Harvard won 35-0.

On Columbus Day, October 12, Johnson played Methuen High, at the Gill Avenue Playstead in Methuen. The first half of the game was all Johnson's, but the Methuen gridsters showed their superiority by scoring three touchdowns in the last half, to defeat the home team, 20-0.

The Red and Black eleven broke their losing streak when they held the strong Danvers aggregation to a scoreless tie, at Danvers. Roberts and Phelan starred for the home team.

Johnson opened its home season, October 29, when it entertained Manning High of Ipswich, at Grogan's field. Johnson scored early in

the first quarter, Barnes going over for Johnson's first touchdown of the season. Ratcliffe added the point. Manning scored on a blocked punt and made the point after tying the score. Manning took the lead in the last period, when it scored again. The final score: 14-7. Tetler, veteran right end, starred for Johnson.

The Johnson team got started, October 31, when it came from behind to defeat Woodbury 13-6, at Rockingham Park. It was a hard fought battle, both teams punting frequently. Woodbury scored first. Johnson's first tally came in the third quarter, when Captain Morse plunged through for a touchdown, from Woodbury's 5-yard line. Johnson took the lead in the fourth quarter, when Ratcliffe scored another touchdown. Barnes added the extra point. Ratcliffe's work in the backfield was outstanding.

The season record to date:

Johnson	0	Newburyport	47
Johnson	0	Gloucester	6
Johnson	0	Methuen	20
Johnson	0	Danvers	0
Johnson	7	Manning	14
Johnson	13	Woodbury	6
<hr/>			
Johnson	20	Opponents	93

Fine work was done by the cheering squad recently when J. H. S. played their first football game at home. Although only a small percentage of the students attended the game, the cheers were lively and enthusiastic. A number of new ones have been added to the old list and

were well received. A word of praise should be given the leaders who worked incessantly to keep up the spirit.

The squad, under the leadership of the Misses Dorothy Wedge, Elise Clee, and Frances Cronin, has done itself much credit.

The favorite cheers are:

S-O-S

S-O-S

We want a touchdown

J-H-S

Hokey-Pokey-Siss-Boom-Bah
Rickety-Rackety-Rah-Rah-Rah
Razzle-Dazzle-Ki-Yi-Yi
Johnson-Johnson-Johnson High

Give 'em the ax-the ax-the ax
Give 'em the ax-the ax-the ax
Give 'em the ax-the ax-the ax
Where?

Right in the neck-the neck-the neck
Right in the neck-the neck-the neck

Right in the neck-the neck-the neck
Who?
Howe?

Johnson-Johnson-Johnson
Rah-Rah-Rah, Rah-Rah-Rah,
Rah-Rah-Rah
Team-Team-Team
J-o-h-n-s-o-n Rah-Rah-Rah
J-o-h-n-s-o-n Rah-Rah-Rah
J-o-h-n-s-o-n Rah-Rah-Rah
Team-Team-Team
J-H-S- Rah-Rah
J-H-S- Rah-Rah
Hoorah-Hoorah
J-H-S Rah

Johnson High School girls have been called together in practice in order to form a team for the coming basketball season. The coaches, Miss Colburn and Miss Kelley, and the captain, Marjorie Gill, are encouraged so far by the work of the girls. It is expected that this will be a successful season.



The following class officers have been elected for the coming year:

SENIOR

President: Arthur Bastian
Treasurer: Alan Morse
Secretary: Miriam Williams

JUNIOR

President: John Phelan

SOPHOMORE

President: William Graham
Treasurer: Thorwald Allen
Secretary: Marguerite Phelan

On October 15th, Mr. Sheerin, a representative of J. E. Purdy & Company, met the Senior Class and told

them about the special rates to be given, if enough people decided to have their pictures taken by his company. Most of the Seniors intend to take advantage of his reasonable offer.

The Junior Class, nearly unanimously has selected a ring from among those which Dieges & Clust of Boston submitted to the ring committee. It is of yellow gold with an old English "J" and the word Johnson inscribed on it. The Juniors have sent in their orders and the rings are expected to arrive between December 1st and Christmas.

Miss Dorothy Little, who succeeded Miss Grunwaldt last year as teacher of science, was married in September to Mr. Thomas A. Pickett. Mr. and Mrs. Pickett are now residing in Experiment, Georgia.

Miss Elizabeth Cutler, who taught Freshman and Junior English at Johnson, is teaching in Westfield High School, Westfield, Mass.

Johnson High welcomes this year two new teachers to its faculty and a new subject to its curriculum. In the English department Miss Cutler is succeeded by Miss Betty Oetjen of Eatontown, New Jersey, a graduate

of Middlebury. Miss Little's place has been taken by Miss Orele Scott of Cummington, Mass., a graduate of Framingham Normal. She teaches the addition to our scientific studies, biology, a sophomore subject, general science having been transferred to the freshman year.

English 1-3 gave a play November 4th in the assembly hall. The cast included Margaret Law, Eileen Lavin, Gordon Andrew and Raymond Mandry. The play, written by Gladys Jacobs, with suggestions from the class, was based on the old ballad, "Get Up and Bar the Door".



ALUMNI NOTES



Robert I. Kelley, President of the class of '31, is attending William and Mary College in Virginia, and has secured a promising position on the frosh football squad of his Alma Mater.

Fred Bastian, Albert Currier, Jimmie Glennie, Dickie Smith, and Hank Trombly are now working men.

Milford Bottomley and Joe Dzia-dosz entered New Hampton this fall, and are still furnishing thrills for football fans. Milf has been playing halfback and Joe tackle.

Ed Curley is now attending Bridgton Academy, Maine, where he's been getting down to work with the third member of the famous Curley, McGuirk, Wilkinson trio.

Elinor Greenwood and Charlotte Rea are in training at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston.

Albert Juarceys, valedictorian of

the class, John Maselunas, Phyllis Joyce, and James Ryley are now attending Cannon's Commercial school in Lawrence.

Bob McGuirk is one of the few freshmen and one of the youngest men ever to have earned a place on the football team at the University of New Hampshire.

Ralph Mulligan left dear old Johnson with regret and pain at parting, but is valiantly holding up his end at Boston College, where the prof's have taken quite a liking to our Ralphie.

Bob Rockwell, whose moral support is sadly mourned by the barely surviving staff of the *Journal*, now is giving Harvard the benefit of his time and talent.

Gilbert Smith entered Williams College this fall.

Ralph Stork, football captain and history student, is now creating a

panic at Clark, Hanover, where he is playing left end on the football squad.

Everett Fletcher and Alice Hibbits are attending Burdett College in Boston.

Eileen Handy is preparing to demonstrate woman's value in the business world, by attending the School of Advertising in Boston.

Mary Barbette is working, and Katherine Clements, Priscilla Joselyn, and Helen Keighley are all at home.

Russell Humphreys is at home and Wilbur Lyons also, awaiting further developments.

Sarah Murphy is in training for a

nurse at the Lawrence General, and Ruth Perley is working in an office in Boston.

Catherine Phelan is studying at Salem Normal, while Helen Phelan, Tillie Subatch, and Romana Kalinowski have entered the class of working girls.

William Stead entered Northeastern this fall and barely makes the train every morning.

Joe Driver, Richard Hodges, Jimmie McClung, William McDuffie, Dot Paley, and Helen Simpson are taking post-graduate courses.

Enid Kruschwitz is at home and Estelle is attending Cannon's Commercial school.



"Your work is quite original."

"Oh yes, Professor. Even the spelling is my own."

Grocer (after filling molasses jug): "Here's your molasses, sonny; where's your dime?"

Boy: "I left it in the jug."

Definition of Supreme Court: "When nine men file in in black robes to talk over their troubles."

Avis Harris: "What's the difference between dancing and jumping?"

G. Busby: "I dunno."

Avis: "I thought not."

Said one Indian to another, upon seeing a white man riding a bicycle: "Heap lazy paleface sits down to run."

Definition of satire: "The thing that looks like a lizard that Miss Scott has in the aquarium."

Waiter: "Has your order been taken?"

Would-be-Diner: "Yes, and so has Bunker Hill."

Innocent freshman at the beginning of the year: "Miss P— my program card says to go to H. Where does that mean I'm to go to?"

Replies in Classroom:

Freshman: "I dunno."

Sophomore: "I can't remember."

Junior: "I can't add anything more."

Senior: "I do not recall any further information on that particular subject."

Miss Cook: "Covell, why didn't you learn your history lesson today?"

P. Covell: "You said history repeats itself and I thought the same lesson would do again."

Crocket: "Do you think paper can be used effectively to keep people warm?"

Morse: "I should say so. The last report card I took home kept the family hot for a week."

Chuck: "What shall we do tonight?"

Tom: "Let's flip a coin and if it's heads we'll go to the show, if it's tails we'll go for a ride, and if it stands on end we'll stay home and study."

Wrecked motorist (opening his eyes): "I had the right of way, didn't I?"

Bystander: "Yes, but the other fellow had a truck."

Theme passed in by English student: *Big Baseball Game*. Called off on account of rain.

Another dumb co-ed thought the Pied Piper was a drunken plumber.
—College Humor

The boys called her Butter because she used to melt at the first sign of heat.—College Humor.

Little girl (disturbed at her prayers by scratching on screen door): "Please stand by, God, while I let the cat out."

Summer boarder: "Why are those trees bending over so far?"

Farmer: "You would bend over too, Miss, if you wuz as full o' green apples as they are."

The new schoolmaster spied the three-legged stool. "Is this the dunce block?" he asked a pretty little child.

"I guess so," she said, "that's where the teacher sits."

According to what one of our most prominent Profs says, the only way to make a freshman understand anything is as follows:

1. Tell him what you are going to say.
2. Say it.
3. Summarize what you said.
4. Write him a letter.

Son: "Say, Pa, the teacher asked me to find the greatest common divisor."

Father: "Is that thing still lost? The teacher had me hunting for it when I was a kid."

She (looking at Zebra): "What kind of an animal is that?"

He: "That's a sport model jack-ass."

She: "I used to think you were wonderful when I first met you."

He: "Really?"

She: "But I wasn't sure of anything in those days."

(We are indebted to *St. Nicholas Magazine* for several of the preceding jokes).



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Bo... " I'se an expor
Sam... " An exporter?
Bo... "Yep, the Pull

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Susan: " Yes ma'am."

Mistress: "Wasn't there any message?"

Susan: " No Ma'am. A man he says 'It's a long distance from New York'. I says 'Yas sir, it cert tainly am.' and hung up.

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